

## CHARIVARIA.

It is some time since relations between our country and Germany have been as friendly as at the present moment. It is appreciated in Germany that the KAISER'S kindness in releasing the British officers has been most handsomely acknowledged by the action of the Canadian Senate in rejecting the BORDEN Navy Bill.

A Bill to give Home Rule and £500,000 to Scotland passed its second reading in the House of Commons last week. It is said, with what amount of truth we do not know, that Scotland might be willing to compromise by dropping that part of the measure which relates to the grant of Home Rule.

The Ulster army that is drilled and ready to resist Home Rule numbers, we are told, a quarter of a million trained men. It is now rumoured that the Government is about to offer these volunteers what they want if they will save the Territorials by joining their ranks.

There is a growing feeling among Sir J. M. BARRIE'S fellow Baronets that this popular author should now, out of respect for the dignity of his rank, cease to associate himself with the literary profession.

The fact that two SMITHS figured in the recent Honours List, but not a single JONES, has, we hear, strained the loyalty of a considerable portion of His Majesty's subjects almost to breaking point.

With reference to the vacant Laureateship it is said that several secretaries to Cabinet Ministers are now taking lessons in verse-making.

According to another rumour the economists are about to win the day, and the Laureate will in future be paid by piece-work—at the rate of two guineas and a glass of wine per poem.

Sir HERBERT TREE announces that his autumn production will be a Biblical play entitled *Joseph and his Brethren*. Humble playgoers will be pleased to hear this, for it goes without saying that for this production the Pit will be there all right, although it disappeared for a time during the run of *Ariadne in Naxos*.

It is said that Mr. JAMES WELCH contemplates engaging the Ysaye orchestra for the farce at the Criterion.

M. AUGUSTE RODIN has been offered by the Office of Works three sites for his bronze statuary group, "The Burghers of Calais," but it is anticipated that he will only choose one of them.

Upon the retirement of Sir MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN, Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland

giving wedding presents will be discontinued in their little island. In an account of a local marriage ceremony we read that the bridegroom "was the recipient of a large number of valuable and other presents."

And one cannot help feeling rather sorry for the gentleman who, having an almost new motor-car to sell, decided to advertise it in a Cingalese sale catalogue. After a glowing account of its virtues comes the refreshingly frank confession, "Only drives a few miles."

On an hotel signboard at Uccle, Belgium, motor-cars are advertised for hire under the designation, "Snelpaardelooszonderspoorwegpetroolrytingen." The Belgian Post Office discourages the habit of ordering these things by telegram.

It is rumoured that the Government is on the point of coming to a working arrangement with the Hunger Strikers, they agreeing to take their food if they are allowed their week-ends out of prison.

An ostrich which escaped from a travelling circus at Wigton last week was only captured after an exciting hunt through the streets. Many horses were frightened by the bird, but the motor-cars without exception behaved admirably.

A striking example of the danger of a radical change in one's habits reaches us, through *The Express*, from Lodz, in Poland. We regret to hear that MAURICE KRUK, a shop-keeper of that town, died on the day after his retirement from active business at the age of 120.

The remains of another woman who is supposed to have lived in the Neolithic period have been discovered at Peterborough. Feminists are delighted, as this tends to show what an old-established sex theirs is.

"The best time of the year to come here [Winnipeg] is the spring, and any girl not having friends in the city would do well to stay at the Y.M.C.A."—*Overseas Daily Mail*. We are surprised.

"'Parvo,' the Latin for peacock, a somewhat curious *nom de plume* for a sporting writer."—*Fry's Magazine*. Curiouser still for a peacock.



THE DARE-DEVIL.

"COME ON HOME, GILBERT. IT'S SIX O'CLOCK."

"WELL, I DON'T CARE IF IT'S A QUARTER-PAST."

Yard, the members of the detective force presented him with a massive silver cup. The criminal classes also feel grateful to Sir MELVILLE for retiring, and there is a movement on foot among our leading burglars in favour of allowing him to retain the massive silver cup.

Glass buttons, we are told, are being used for summer frocks. Is this, we wonder, the first step towards glass dresses? Frankly, we are getting nervous.

Ceylon newspaper men must really be careful or the pleasant custom of

## THE SITTING BARD.

[Lines addressed to one of the officials who charge you a copper for your chair in St. James's Park.]

FELLOW, you have no *flair* for art, I fear,  
Who thus confound me with the idle Many—  
The loafer pensive o'er his betting rag,  
The messenger (express) with reeking fag,  
The nursemaid sighing for her bombardier—  
All charged the same pew-rate, a common penny.

I am an artist; I am not as these;  
He does me horrid despite who confuses  
My taste with theirs who come this way to chuck  
Light provender to some exotic duck,  
Whereas I sit beneath these secular trees  
In close collaboration with the Muses.

To me St. James's Park is holy ground;  
In fancy I regard these glades as Helicon's;  
This lake (although an artificial pond)  
To Hippocrene should roughly correspond;  
Others, not I, shall make its shores resound,  
Banding chaff with yonder jaunty pelicans.

All this escaped you, lacking minstrel lore.  
'Tis so with poets: men are blind and miss us;  
You did not mark my eye's exultant mood,  
The inflated chest, the listening attitude,  
Nor, bent above the mere, the look I wore  
When lost in self-reflection—like Narcissus.

Else you could scarce have charged me for my seat;  
I must have earned an honorary session;  
For how could I have strained your solid chair,  
I that am all pure spirit, fine as air,  
And sit as light as when with winged feet  
Mercury settles, leaving no impression?

Well, take your paltry penny, trivial dun!  
And bid your chair-contractors freely wallow  
In luxury therewith; but, when you find  
Another in this hallowed seat reclined,  
Squeeze him for tuppence, saying, "*Here sat one  
On June the fifth and parleyed with Apollo.*"

O. S.

## LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES.

I HAVE met a business man—one whom the French call an *homme d'affaires*—one who is careful before laying out his money.

I was waiting for my train near the book-stall when a staccato voice attracted my attention. The owner of the voice was in appearance slightly exotic, but he spoke perfect English.

"I want a newspaper," he said.

"Yessir," said the young man behind the counter.

"Which one?"

"Well, what have you got?"

The young man quickly ran through a list of them.

"Not so fast, young man, not so fast! Say them again more distinctly."

The young man obeyed somewhat ungraciously.

"That's better. And now what are their prices?"

"They vary from twopence to a halfpenny."

"Twpence seems a lot; why, I could get four halfpenny papers for that."

The young man did the calculation in his head, and said, "That is so, Sir."

"Well, let me look at all of them."

"Pardon me, Sir, but that is not usual."

"What?" cried the customer. "You expect me to purchase goods without examining them—to buy a pig in a poke? I've never heard anything so preposterous in my life. I shall tell your firm. They ought to know the way you conduct their business. I am acquainted with one of your directors."

Personally I did not believe this last statement. In my opinion it was merely bluff. However the young man credited it. He told a boy to take a copy of each of the papers and to lay them out on the table in the waiting-room. The customer, mollified, did not move yet.

"Tell me," he said—"you are an expert. Which paper do you recommend?"

"Well, Sir," said the young man, "it depends on your politics."

"Haven't any. And do they keep to the same politics every day?"

"Many of them, Sir."

"And which contains the most words?"

"Well, *The Times* and *The Telegraph*, I should say."

"How many words are there in *The Times*?"

"Couldn't say, Sir."

"Couldn't say! Couldn't say! I should hope this is the only business in which a man knows nothing of the goods he deals in. Do, please, give me your attention."

"Sorry, Sir, but that was an old customer I had to serve."

"It's more important for you to get a new one. The old one will remain a customer from force of habit. Can you tell me this? If I were to get the four halfpenny papers instead of the one twopenny one, which would fetch the more as waste paper afterwards?"

"Can't say I have ever considered that, Sir."

"Good heavens! Talk of efficiency! And what about the news? Which contains the best news? I am especially interested in news from Scotland, Greece, the United States and the Holy Land."

This was interesting, as it confirmed my theory as to the mixture of blood in him.

"Well, Sir, you'll see them all in the waiting-room."

"That, anyhow, is a businesslike answer," said the autocrat, and he went and had a look at them.

He spent quite half-an-hour there. It was wasting my time horribly, but I resolved to see the thing through. The man interested me. When he had extracted the honey from all of the papers, he emerged with *The Times* in one hand and a halfpenny paper in the other.

"Look here," he said, "I like this *Times*, but I have discovered a misprint in it. In the circumstances, shall we say a penny for it?"

"Sorry, Sir, but that would be against orders."

"Very well, then—it's your affair—I shall only be laying out a halfpenny with you. This paper is a halfpenny, isn't it?"

"Yessir."

"Ah, but stay a moment. Supposing I pay cash for it? Surely I don't have to pay as much as the man who only pays once a quarter. If I pay cash you have my money to play about with at once."

"Very sorry, Sir, but I cannot take less than a halfpenny."

"Oh, very well, then, we won't argue about that, but I wish you could find me a copy with a better impression of this print of 'England's Most Beautiful Actress.' I'm interested to see what her face is like."

Just then a train came up, and he said, "Well, never mind that—only if my wife does not like the paper I shall expect you to exchange it for another to-morrow," and he flung down his halfpenny and was gone.

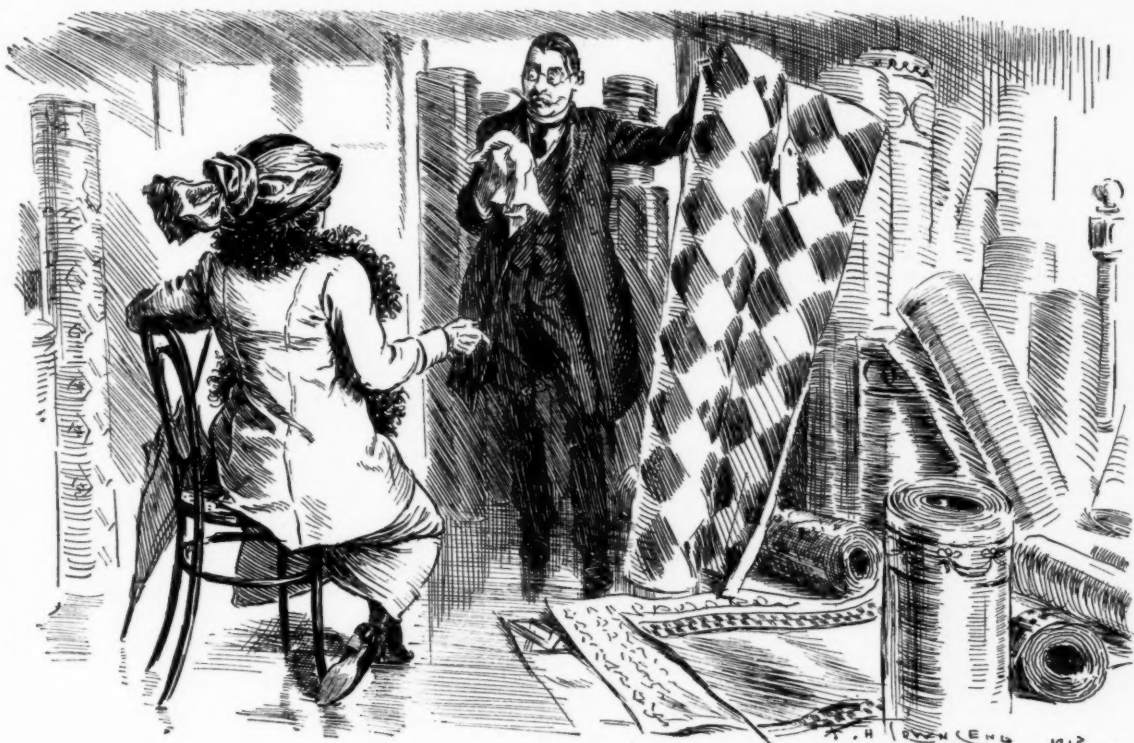


CHINA T. ROOSEVELT;  
OR, THE NEW CONFUCIUS.

[It is rumoured that ex-President ROOSEVELT, whose passionate distaste for alcoholic drinks was recently established in the courts, has been offered the post of Adviser-in-Chief to the Chinese Republic.]







"I AM AFRAID, MADAM, WE HAVE SHOWN YOU ALL OUR STOCK; BUT WE COULD PROCURE MORE FROM OUR FACTORY."

"WELL, PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER. YOU SEE, I WANT SOMETHING OF A NEATER PATTERN AND QUITE SMALL—JUST A LITTLE SQUARE FOR MY BIRD-CAGE."

### THE GREAT TUBE.

THE question of the Channel Tunnel is again becoming acute. *Mr. Punch*, following the enterprising lead of *The Daily Graphic*, has made a number of enquiries of public personages as to the pros and cons of this scheme.

The answers are subjoined:—

**Col. SEELY:** I am in favour of the Tunnel, both in peace and in war. In peace it offers a rapid means of transit from England to France and France to England, without the discomforts of sea-sickness; in war—but the idea of war is not to be thought of. Impossible!

**CRAGANOUR:** It will be sure to need competent boring. Can I be of any use?

**Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE:** I can think of no bond more likely to cement the Anglo-French entente—next, of course, to a magnificent English rendering of some play by *MOLIÈRE*.

**Sir THOMAS LIPTON:** I disapprove of the Tunnel. Anything that substitutes land for water is obnoxious to me. However, if you must have it, may the best tube win!

**Mr. C. GRAHAME-WHITE:** To tunnel

is to retrogress. Let there be a constant supply of flying machines at Dover and Calais continually making the passage in a few seconds. My friends among aviators are so convinced of the superiority of this means that they express their willingness themselves to convey all the pretty actresses from England to France or France to England.

**Sir EDWIN DURNING - LAWRENCE, Bart.:** I cannot begin to focus my intelligence on the scheme so long as the starting-point is the falsely-named Shakspeare Cliff.

**The Rev. W. A. SPOONER,** Warden of New College: Many years ago, after a rough crossing, I warmed a strong fish that I might live to see the Tunnel Chunnel. That fish has never waded from my heart.

**Mr. JOHN REDMOND:** Anything that promotes the Union of Hearts is sure of my support. But I think that a "boreen" under St. George's Channel should come first.

**Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT:** The Channel Tunnel scheme is a great adventure, but personally I have no desire to be buried alive.

**Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS:** I hope the tunnel, if it is ever completed, will be utilized for the growing of mushrooms, an industry in which all good agriculturists are deeply interested.

**Sir HENRY HOWORTH:** The notion of boring the Channel appeals to me immensely. I am not without the hope that the Editor of *The Times* will give me facilities for assisting in this noble work.

**Mr. ALFRED NOYES:** The late Sir LEWIS MORRIS is said to have composed a good deal of "The Epic of Hades" in the Underground. The Channel Tunnel may give us a new DANTE and a finer "Inferno."

**Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT:** As the author of *Earthwork out of Tuscany* and *The Scooping Lady* I am naturally much interested in all schemes of excavation.

**Mrs. ANNIE SWAN** (the Scottish candidate for the laureateship):—

Though leagues of foam-flecked and tempestuous ocean  
Part Albion's cliffs from France's lovely shore,  
Science and subterranean erosion  
Can dodge the sea. My brothers, let us bore.

## MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

III.

[Reproduced from "Punch" of 1463.]

To Daphne, Châtelaine of Horsmond.

MA MIE,—What do you think has happened? Some stuffy old things have presented a petition to Parliament protesting against the "inordinate use of apparel and array of men and women"! I was furious at first, till Le Méchant explained that of course "men and women" only means *les autres*, and that all the best of us are supporting the pettity in defence of our higher interests, as Le Méchant calls it. The people who started it were some dreadful bourgeois people whose wives had been exceeding the limit in pin money, poor dears; but of course it's simply splenny for us, because what it means is that the "social barrier"—isn't that a ducky phrase? I'm using it right and left—is going to be strictly enforced. Only those of us whose scutcheons are *sans peur et sans reproche* are to be allowed to wear gold or sables, and you've got to be somebody (in the correctest sense of the word) even to be allowed satin.

And oh, my dearest, it was only last week that the d'Argentilhomme woman came out in a brand-new cloth-of-gold walking skirt! Of course the creature is doing her best to pretend she isn't affected by the statute, and has even gone so far as to make a distaff claim to a French *comté* for safety's sake; but Le Méchant (who has promptly dubbed the husband *Compte d'Argentilhomme*) tells me that there's no doubt their pedigree is only on its first legs and as rinky as can be. So she'll have to come out in fustian. If she wears the cloth-of-gold confection she'll run the risk of being put in the stocks. And, my dear, if I was in her place I do believe I'd do it; for after all, you know, the stocks would display one's

ankles, supposing one had such a thing; and just think of the sensation!

Shoes are being worn as long as ever, to the great delight of some people, whose feet are only too glad to be allowed to "run to earth," as Zooks puts it. In fact, between sleeves and shoes, it's a question of which shall be the longer; and the other night at a reception I made a couple of utterly

had been horribly hard put to it to find a new sensation for their joust-party last week, because of course everything has been done *à outrance*. Still, they did the cleverest thing imaginable. They revived a craze that used to be the rage ages and ages ago, and after all, *ma mie*, for a real "take" there's nothing like a proved *succès du temps jadis*. This one of Zooks and Petty-

Petty's was a *reminiscence* (as Poupée Lady Godwin incautiously called it) of the time when everyone used to make pilgrimages to the shrine of St. THOMAS A BECKET, but it simply got overdone and so they left it off. Zooks and Petty-Petty thought of it through one of their Pom-poms dying just before we arrived. Zooks remembered smacking it once when it was a puppy, and as soon as everything had been explained to us he went off into the most beautiful paroxysms of remorse, chewing straw and clutching people's wrists and everything. So we decided that in order to console him there was nothing for it but to make a pilgrimage to the poor thingy-thing's grave. I had the most ravishing pilgrimage costume made on the spot—a white sheety affair, worn panner fashion and looped up with ducky little scourges. The rest of the effect was all sandals and cockle-shells and flowing tresses. Everyone admired me and my costume and my sorrowing frenzies immensely, but the nicest thing of all was said by Poupée Lady Godwin. "I don't think anyone could possibly look more *déchevelée*," said her ladyship; "or should I say *deshabillée*?" Le Méchant simply shrieked.

These by the hand of the dilliest of pages,  
BLANCHE.

"Mr. R. E. de Beer, who came over in the *Armada* Castle to be married and who has been on his honeymoon in Paris, leaves again to-day for South Africa in the same vessel with his wife."—*South Africa*.

So far the marriage would seem to be a success.



Urchin (after indulging heavily). "OW-W-W, I WISH I'D SWOLLERED THE SIXPENCE INSTEAD."

and absolutely dreadful *faux pas*—one of them was forward over the tips of my shoes, and the other backward over the ends of my sleeves; but it gave me the most exclusive of ideas, and the very next night I made a simply tremendous sensation by appearing with shoes and sleeves *in one*. There's just a point where they taper together, and I call these the steering ropes, because if you want to turn round or anything you just give them a twitch and make them alter the direction in which your feet are pointing with the most screaming effect.

Zooks and Petty-Petty told us they

## TO MY DAUGHTER,

WHO TELLS ME SHE CAN DRESS HERSELF.

So, dear, have you and Nurse conspired  
In secret, and all eyes evaded,

Till you can boast yourself attired  
Unwatched, uncounselled and unaided?

Perfect in button, tape and hook,  
You've learnt the knack, you come to tell us,

And while you turn that we may look  
I own I am a little jealous

That she has taught you with success  
How to assume your frock and shed it,

That you have learnt the art to dress  
And Abigail's is all the credit.

Yet my devotion has its will,  
Nor can I lightly yield to Nurse all  
The praise, for I have prompted still  
A spiritual dress rehearsal;

On your soft hair a helmet placed,  
Fastened your breast-plate like a bib on,

And tied the Truth about your waist  
Where she is proud to tie your ribbon.

Each has her task, decorous, sweet:  
Fair, to surpass your friends, she made you,  
While for your hidden foes' defeat  
I in your Pauline arms arrayed you.

For, though you tire of sash and gown  
And fold them up for good, there's no day

When these, that I have made your own,  
Shall be a burden or *démodés*.

Yet, though the clasps endure, I know  
I'll wish our handiwork were neater  
When at celestial gates you show  
The well-worn harness to St. PETER.

"WIFE DISAPPEARED IN 191  
MR. SENSUKE SAITO NOW ASKS  
FOR A DIVORCE."

*The Japan Times.*

We think such patience should be rewarded.

"A most interesting and ideal spot for picnics and parties. Netley Abbey Ruins, Cistercian Abbey. Founded A.D. 1239; dissolved A.D. 1536. Under new management."  
*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

Quite time there was some change.

*"TO ANGLERS.*

Beware of the fish named Weaver, a Sting from it is Dangerous."

*Notice on Brighton Pier.*

*Nervous Angler (to his last captive).*  
"Pardon me, is your name Weaver?"



*Taxi-Driver (to stout Metropolitan constable). "ERE, WHY DON'T YOU GET A TRANSFER? YOU'VE GROWD OUT O' CITY WORK."*

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

## THE SIGN.

ONCE upon a time there was an innkeeper who, strange to say, was unable to make both ends meet. Nothing that he tried was any use: he even placed in the windows a notice to the effect that his house was "under entirely new management," but that too was in vain. So in despair he consulted a wise woman.

"It is quite simple," she said, as she pocketed her fee. "You must change the name."

"But it has been 'The Golden Lion' for centuries," he replied.

"You must change the name," she said. "You must call it 'The Eight Bells'; and you must have a row of seven bells as the sign."

"Seven?" he said; "but that's absurd. What will that do?"

"Go home and see," said the wise woman.

So he went home and did as she told him.

And straightway every wayfarer who was passing paused to count the bells, and then hurried into the inn to point out the mistake, each apparently believing himself to be the only one who had noticed it, and all wishing to refresh themselves for their trouble; carts and carriages drew up; motorists stopped their chauffeurs and, with the usual enormous difficulty, got them to go back; and the joke found its way into the guide-books.

The result was that the innkeeper grew as fat as most of his class, lost his health and made his fortune.

## Un Roi en Exil?

The following paragraph is headed:—

"ROYALTY VISITS PANAMA."

"Panama, May 20.—Lord Murray of Eli-bank, formerly chief whip of the British Liberal party, left here yesterday for Guayaquil."—*Rockford Register Gazette.*



## COUNSEL'S OPINION.

My hostess was one of those women who are prepared to be ignorant upon every subject and only too anxious to be enlightened. When it comes to the pinch I hope I may marry such a one; I shall have lots to tell her.

"You are a man," she said as we came to the end of dessert, "of decided opinions."

"Few of which are reliable," I told her, "but many of them I impart to simple and trusting clients for payment."

She asked to be enlightened. "When I air my views to a solicitor," I told her, "it costs him two pounds four shillings and sixpence a time. Had you been other than you are, this evening's talk would have cost you upwards of a hundred pounds." I assured her, however, that I was glad she was not a solicitor.

"Why?" she asked. "Don't you like them?"

I held up pious hands of horror. "There is no class more adorable and more worth getting to know! But," I added, "the matters over which they elect to brood are so very dull. Only this day I have been instructed to concentrate my week's thoughts upon the dismal story of a garnishee."

"And what," she asked, "may a garnishee be?"

"That was the very question I asked myself. To my enquirer I said aloud 'that my lengthy experience had taught me how much they needed looking into. I would advise later.'"

She made signs of rising. "You barristers," she said, "are dreadful people." She cast her eyes round the table, then turned to me with one last unscrupulous smile that amounted almost to a wink, as she indicated a slightly bald youth at the far end of the room. "He is a solicitor," she whispered, "if that is any use to you."

"Thank you," said I, "it is."

Had the Bar Council seen me filling his port glass for him, its suspicions would have been instantly aroused. No man, it would have argued, could have conceived an affection at first sight for such an object without an ulterior motive, and I should have been accused of brief-hunting. I was, I am afraid, up to something much worse than that.

"They tell me," said I with great deference, "that you are a solicitor."

"I am," he said. "What are you?"

This was a little sudden. "Between ourselves," I said, lowering my voice, "I am a garnishee."

His look was slightly mystified but otherwise non-committal. "Tell me," I said, "is that a dreadful thing to be, or something rather nice?"

He was one of those fledglings fresh from the final examination, than whom not even Lord MOULTON OF BANK knows more of the written law. Naturally he told me all about garnishees and naturally he made it even duller than it need have been. I was about to yawn, when it occurred to me how I might make even more use of him.

"Let me," I suggested, "tell you my life story and call your attention to the sordid and complicated situation in which I now find myself," and, making myself the hero of it, I poured into his willing ear the facts of my case.

"Now," I concluded, "will you give me your opinion? It will be of great value to me."

I purposely said "great" value. I thought it impolitic to admit the exact worth at which I hoped to retail it.

He wore rimless pince-nez, which gave him a wary look. I attribute his next remark to a desire to live up to that look rather than to innate lack of manners. "Do I understand," he asked, "that you are consulting me professionally in the matter?"

I found myself, under the influence of a full-bodied wine, saying that I was, and agreeing that he should write me on the matter. Little as I know of the law, I am aware that a solicitor's letter costs but six and eightpence, and, little as I know of arithmetic, I have reason to believe that if I buy an opinion off one solicitor for six and eightpence, and sell it to another solicitor for two pounds, four and sixpence, I have a margin of profit of one pound, seventeen and twopence. So I took his promise to write to me and gave him mine to pay him his six and eightpence.

"Six and eightpence," he observed with great pedantry, "and disbursements."

"Well," said my hostess, when I got to her later, "did you profit by my hint?"

"To the extent," I explained, "of one pound, seventeen shillings and twopence, less what he called disbursements, but you and I would call a penny for the stamp."

The daring plan was misconceived. I cannot recommend it to others. Not that there was anything wrong with the fellow's opinion; indeed, after joining up one or two of the split infinitives, I was able to use it *verbatim* as my own. It was the disbursements

that thwarted me, as I learnt on perusal of his second letter.

Dear Sir (it ran),

*Re Garnishee.*

We thank you for your letter, and note that our communication to you on the above matter gave satisfaction and cleared up your difficulties. In enclosing our professional account in the matter, amounting to a total of two pounds, eleven shillings and threepence, we would mention for your information that two pounds, four shillings and sixpence is the usual fee paid to a barrister for an opinion. You will, of course, readily understand that we did not deem it prudent to advise you in the matter without laying the facts before our counsel. A cheque at your convenience will oblige."

I am now engaged in endeavouring to satisfy myself, unprofessionally, on another intricate question:—Is the Bar an overpaid or an underpaid profession? The matter is not free from grave doubts; there is much to be said for both contentions.

## THE TROUT FISHER.

PAN doth pipe to us anew,  
Reedy calls and catches,  
So we'll go and throw a fly,  
Dainty, delicate and dry,  
Forty miles from Waterloo—  
Where the may-fly hatches.

Run of nigh an hour it is  
From the City's leanness;  
There's a walk when you get  
out—  
Riverwards a mile about—  
Mile of elms and Alderneys,  
And surpassing greenness.

Mile of gold imagining,  
Crowned of all creation;  
Eve may bring the fat content  
Born of proud Accomplishment;  
Morning hath the angel's wing  
Of Anticipation.

Luck's a jade blows hot and cold;  
Heed no wise men give her;  
Yet howe'er the night come in—  
Three good brace, or not a fin—  
Always she's a lass of gold  
Walking to the river.

"As rector of Iken, in Suffolk, the Rev. Arnold W. Wainwright, aged 13, was presented by the chairman, Mr. H. W. Price, on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, with a silver watch, for his attempt to save the life of a five-year-old girl whose clothes caught alight at her home during the absence of her mother. It is Mackenzie's wish eventually to become a policeman."

*Bristol Evening News.*

Why drag in MACKENZIE? Surely the infant rector was attraction enough.





Little Boy. "MOTHER, DID GRAN'PA THRASH DADDY WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY?"

Mother. "YES."

Boy. "AND DID HIS FATHER THRASH HIM WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY?"

Mother. "YES."

Boy. "AND DID HIS FATHER THRASH HIM?"

Mother. "YES."

Boy. "WELL, WHO STARTED THIS THING?"

### THE ORDEALS OF THE OPULENT.

SOME of the sufferings which well-born and delicately nurtured persons are now condemned to endure by the eccentricities of our social system are graphically described in a recent number of *The Daily Mail*. Thus it is narrated in the issue of May 30th how, under the portico of a theatre in Charing Cross Road, three young women "in sheeny, filmy frocks waited for twenty-five minutes before they could get a cab to take them home . . . Hundreds passed, all full. Finally, they had to get the commissioner to go off and hunt. Even so, it was twelve minutes before they were on their way home."

It is hard to discriminate between degrees of suffering because so much depends on what Professor Papeson so admirably calls the "temperamentality" of the sufferer, but we doubt whether in all the annals of torture a more appalling ordeal has ever been recorded than that recently endured by Sir Halbert Bond, the great financier and publicist. Sir Halbert, it should be explained, had had a most trying day. He dictated to his shorthand writer for an hour before breakfast. Between breakfast and lunch he attended three

company meetings. After lunch he smoked only one Magnifico Pomposo cigar and took only two glasses of Grand Marnier with his coffee before going down to the House of Commons. There he remained till 7.30, focussing his massive brain on the basic interests of the country. Hurriedly returning to his mansion in Berkeley Square, he dressed and repaired to the Blitz Hotel, where he was giving hospitality to several Peruvian magnates. The entertainment passed off without mishap until the "Sorbet" was served, when, Sir Halbert, who was engrossed in conversation with Señor Tortuoso, inadvertently swallowed the contents of the glass at one gulp. The effect of such a mistake, as anyone will readily admit who has had the misfortune to make it, is painful in the extreme, and Sir Halbert's suffering, though borne with stoical fortitude, was most distressing to witness, Señor Tortuoso observing that in all his long experience of the Putumayo he had never witnessed a more terrible spectacle than the sight of his noble host gasping for breath and ejaculating at intervals in a strangled whisper, "Old brandy." On inquiring at Berkeley Square just before going to press we were immensely relieved to hear that Sir Halbert had

had a quiet night and hoped to resume his normal diet almost immediately.

Widespread sympathy is felt in land-taxing circles with the Baron de Chaudfroid in the distressing accident that befell him while motoring back from a successful labourers' meeting in his constituency. Baron de Chaudfroid was as usual driving his magnificent 200-h.p. "Fafner" at a high rate of speed, when in a dip of a narrow side road he was charged by a flock of sheep and delayed for twenty-three minutes until his chauffeur had extricated the fleecy assailants from the wheels. Not only was the Baron made nearly half-an-hour late for his dinner—which always affects his digestion—but, as though to add insult to injury, the farmer who owned the sheep brought an action in which he claimed and gained £50 compensation for the loss of his sheep, which, as the Baron's counsel convincingly showed, had practically committed suicide.

"The Foreign Secretary, however, entered a few moments later and took a seat in the centre of the table, having the Greek delegation on his left and the Ottoman delegation on his right."—*Standard*.

No doubt his posture was a concession to Oriental etiquette.



### HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

II. INVENT (IF POSSIBLE) A SILLIER AND MORE UNDIGNIFIED DANCE THAN HAS EVER BEEN DANCED BEFORE.

#### THE VISION.

Oh, auburn-haired! Oh, apple-faced!—  
They found me at my knee-hole  
table,  
My head bowed forward in the paste,  
Sobbing aloud for Mabel.

What conjured up from memory's  
swarm  
My earliest love, my half-forgotten,  
A buxom and ingenuous form  
Clothed in her Sunday cotton?

Merely a letter—one of heaps—  
Yet not with tears nor laughter laden,  
Serving to rouse the wound that  
sleeps—  
A letter from a maiden.

Was she, I wondered, fair as mine  
Whom erst beside the streamlet's  
water  
I wooed and won when turning nine—  
The local blacksmith's daughter?

I see her still, the eyes of blue  
Like Junetide's rather lobelia blossom,  
The lips that shamed the cherry's hue  
With chocolate dabs across 'em.

She taught me first what love may mean,  
The heart-felt passion and the full  
sighs,  
Till tiffs occurred; there came a scene  
Over an ounce of bull's-eyes.

And this, this other child of Eve  
Whose artless missive lay before me,  
What woof for her did Fortune weave,  
Bright threads of gold or stormy?

Had she my darling's vermeil hair,  
Where every sunbeam was a dancer?  
Her voice, her walk, her queen-like air?  
These things I could not answer.

A music of her filled the place,  
But Fancy, though thou sweetly  
pipest,  
Thou couldst not forge for me the face  
Of Smith and Boffkins' typist.

Only I knew, and this much sent  
The salt tears to my optics welling:  
Whate'er her charms, whate'er her bent,  
She had my Mabel's spelling.

Luxuriant as the wild, wild rose,  
Scorning the dull, the mere expected,  
Boffkins and Smith quite rightly chose  
To leave it uncorrected.

"Deer Sir"—and straightway memory  
woke;  
Not otherwise would she have started;  
The next coy sentence made me choke,  
My self-control departed.

They came, they wondered why I  
grieved,  
And why these words with tears were  
blotted:

"Yours of the 19th ult. received  
And contents duly noted." EVOE.

"She could not say on which side of the  
road he was riding in Commissioner Street,  
but he turned into West Street on the wrong  
side. After the accident she fell on to the  
pavement on the correct side of the road."  
*The Johannesburg Star.*

Always the lady.

"As a recruit from municipal work Mr.  
McKinnon Wood is not a bad exponent of  
domestic affairs, but when he attempts to  
deal with Imperial politics there is a good  
deal to be desired. In addition to a prosaic  
style and hum and rum delivery, he suffers  
from a lack of imagination."

*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

Probably milk and rum would be a  
better lubricant for the voice.



### PEGASUS APPEALS.

THE STEED OF THE MUSES (to Ring-master Asquith). "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT I'M RATHER TIRED OF BEING MADE TO DO THESE CIRCUS TRICKS. COULDN'T YOU CONTRIVE TO—ER—DISESTABLISH ME?"





**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, June 2.*—Second Reading of Budget Bill first Order of Day. Looking round at almost empty benches and noting listless tone of talk, you wouldn't think it. Yet these conditions accurately define position of Budget of the year. Happy the country that has no annals. Fortunate the Chancellor of the Exchequer whose Budget fails to stir a ripple of interest.

LLOYD GEORGE, whose originality is fathomless, lives up to exceptional situation by presenting himself in fresh light. Budget of 1909 eased hard lot of landowner by enabling him to claim an income-tax rebate on 25 per cent. of his rental in respect of expenditure upon improvements or repairs. It appears that those concerned have failed to profit by this beneficence. With what looked like genuine tears in his eyes, certainly with a break in his voice, CHANCELLOR stated that last year, being the third since boon was granted, the Exchequer has been called upon to sacrifice under this head only £68,000.

"And there's half-a-million for them," sobbed the CHANCELLOR. "I suppose they can't believe it's true; they say, 'He's Limehousing again.'"

Amendment moved from Labour camp designed to reduce or abolish taxation on tea and sugar elicited the one verbal spark that lighted dulness of sitting. Struck by WOLMER. Facing Labour Members sitting opposite he enquired why at other times, in other circumstances, they supported food taxes? Whenever there was slightest possible chance of Government being defeated on subject they rallied to the rescue.

"To-day," said noble lord, with scornful gesture, "there's no danger. So they organise this window-dressing sham fight."

Some fine confused feeding in this metaphor.

SARK takes sort of grandfatherly interest in noble Viscount, being one of extremely limited circle who heard his maiden speech. It was delivered some twenty years ago, not in commonplace fashion from a Bench within

the House, but at the temporarily opened glass door leading to the Lobby. His father, the first Lord WOLMER, who had resolved, in concert with two other elder sons, the present Earl CURZON and Viscount MIDLETON, not to be driven to the House of Lords, brought down his little son and heir to



Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, hurt by the neglect of the landlords to take advantage of his beneficence.

look on the scene of his grandfather's early triumphs, and what might, in ordinary course of events, be the boy's own field of opportunity. Pointing through open door to various celebrities, he, indicating the Chair, said, "That's the SPEAKER."

"What!" queried a shrill childlike voice that startled House engaged in

night House still talking round Budget Bill. On motion made for adjournment wearied Members, by 259 votes to 201, decided straightway to go home.

*Wednesday.*—Since RACHEL wept for her children and would not be comforted there has been no scene more pathetic than that sympathetically witnessed this afternoon when Lord ROBERT CECIL cried aloud for presence of WINSOME WINSTON. House in Committee on Navy Estimates. FIRST LORD, present to answer questions, now temporarily absent. Observing this, LORD BOB, failing to obtain definite information as to his whereabouts, moved to report progress.

"When Navy Estimates are under discussion he should be in his place," he querulously insisted.

Piquant turn given to incident by fact that, though House has been sitting a full week since termination of Whitsun holidays, this the first occasion that LORD BOB has put in appearance. That of course nothing to do with desirability of other Members being at their posts.

CHAIRMAN refused to accept motion for progress. LORD BOB forlornly sank back in his seat whence, like Mariana in the Moated Grange, he with haggard face watched the doorway.

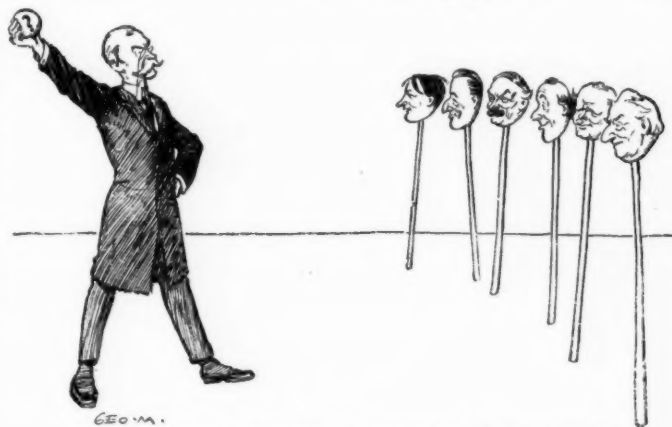
"He cometh not," he said;  
He said, 'I am weary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead.'"

Ten minutes passed. LORD BOB could stand it no longer. Springing to his feet he again moved to report progress. Meanwhile scouts out in all directions hunting up the errant FIRST LORD. Even as CHAIRMAN was delivering judgment on the situation, WINSTON, with swinging stride and studiously casual expression on his countenance, entered from behind the SPEAKER's Chair. LORD BOB emitted sigh of satisfaction and business went forward.

Episode one of those touches of nature that make the whole House kin.

*Business done.*—Navy Votes granted with both hands.

*Friday.*—Remarkable example of infinite care with which mundane matters are arranged that, whilst Ministerialists have the MAD HATTER in their ranks, the Opposition joy in



Mr. ROWLAND HUNT devotes his attention to the Treasury Bench.

serious debate, "him in the big wig?"

The glass door was hurriedly closed, and the inquiring child, thus early showing his genius for supplementary questions, was hurried off wondering what had happened to cause this sudden flurry.

*Business done.*—On stroke of mid-

possession of ROWLAND HUNT. Distinct basic resemblance, happily diversified by individual characteristics. Of the two, the MAD HATTER takes wider range of view, encompassing the universe in his observation. ROWLAND is disposed to concentrate attention upon defects of the PRIME MINISTER, the vagaries of the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, and the indiscretions of the HOME SECRETARY.

These watch-dog services are consistent with tendency to attack Parliamentary Leaders which first centred upon him attention of the House. At a time when PRINCE ARTHUR was entering upon duties of Leader of Opposition consequent on General Election of 1906, the Member for Ludlow, like another "Man from Shropshire" accustomed to make incursion on the Court of Chancery whilst case of *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* was in progress, suddenly attacked his esteemed Leader. House roared with laughter at incongruity of situation. PRINCE ARTHUR, contrary to his recognised habit of scorning to notice such little incidents, had the rebel's name struck off list of Unionists receiving whips. For a while ROWLAND was in dire disgrace. He lived through it, and has since exclusively devoted attention to right honourable gentlemen on Treasury Bench.

MAD HATTER, whilst a good party-man safe when division bell rings, is accustomed to doubt the perfected wisdom of his leader, the PRIME MINISTER. His intimate acquaintance with personages and policies all over the world naturally reveals to him weak spots. Whether (to cite cases submitted by him at a single sitting) he wants to know "if HEINRICH GROSSE, sentenced at Winchester to three years' penal servitude, is a German subject"; "whether a number of Finnish pilots have resigned their duties"; "whether the PRIME MINISTER is aware that British armament companies doing work on contract for the Government have a total share capital of 31½ millions"; whether he knows that "allegations have been made both in Germany and this country"; or "whether the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY can explain the delay in printing and circulating the Return on Education," he invests the query with air of gravity that sometimes obscures his meaning.

SPEAKER, asked whether one of the questions here summarised was in order, frankly replied, "I have not the faintest idea to what the honourable gentleman refers," declaration of ignorance in which the PREMIER concurred.

Severe snub like this would have shut up some men for a month. Merely

incites MAD HATTER to further endeavour. Members laugh at him. Has heard himself genially referred to from Opposition Bench as "the buffoon of the House." But after all, there is method in his madness. A comparatively new Member, he early discovered that cheap and easy way to obtain notoriety is to direct questions personally to the PREMIER. Addressed to other Ministers, chances two to one they would be left out of newspaper report. PRIME MINISTER certain to be reported verbatim; in all probability question will receive same distinction. In any



The MAD HATTER finding weak spots.

case enquirer's name appears in close association with that of PREMIER.

"Some of us," said ROWLAND HUNT, regarding MAD HATTER with suspicious glance, "are not so foolish as we look."

*Business done.*—Last night devoted to Private Members' Bills. Hereafter remainder of session at disposal of Government.

"YOUTHS (two) Wanted for sausages; must be clean and willing."—*The North Star*.

Colonel SEELY will be glad to notice that in British cannibalism the voluntary principle seems to be recognised.

"HOW TO MAKE A HEALTHY HOME.

Take my advice, send your wives and children regularly down to the seaside at least once a year, so as to take their troubles with them, and then throw them bodily into the sea as if they were only a bundle of rubbish."

*Our Home.*

Come down to the pier and watch the paterfamilias readers of *Our Home* making their houses healthy."

It has been suggested in Parliament that a naval hydro-aeroplane shall be called a Navyplane. Very good; and an airman in the same service should be called a Navyator.

"The trial of Mr. Cecil Chesterton was continued at the Old Bailey yesterday before Mr. Justice Phillimore."—*Daily Record and Mail*. Sounds more like Mr. Justice DARLING's court.

## THE QUEEN OF THE ROAD.

LET the 'igh-born madam go scorchin' by

In 'er motor-car, velvet-lined,  
A "shover" in front with a 'aughty eye  
And phew! what a stew be'ind.

I wouldn't be 'er, it's an absolute cert,  
An' so I'd like to 'a' told 'er,  
For I'm Queen of the road, when I bike  
with Bert

With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

When 'is shop is shut an' 'is work is done

Of a Thursday afternoon,  
I knock off, meself, for a bit of a run;  
I know 'e'll be round for me soon.  
Then up we jump on the bikes we love—  
In traffic no girl is bolder—  
And the 'ills don't seem a bit of a shove  
With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

We pedal an' pedal by woods and grass

Where the country is real, no fake;  
There ain't many couples as we can't  
pass,

An' for tea we 'ave cresses an' cake;  
We watch the tip of the sinkin' sun  
An' then, when the air comes colder,  
'E starts me back for the 'omeward run  
With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

The night grows black an' we light our lamps—

Two sparks in a twinklin' chain—  
I'm neither afraid of ghosts nor tramps,  
Not me; I'm as right as rain.

Though me jersey 's old the same as me skirt

An' me cap 's a good bit older,  
I'm Queen of the road, when I bike  
with Bert

With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

## THE FALLEN STAR.

"THREE years ago I was a star," murmured the man with the tired eyes and the furrowed face and the scanty hair, fingering an empty glass suggestively.

"Hamlet?" suggested the bored journalist, who knew the race of provincial actors and their illimitable vanity, and saw no "copy" in the stranger.

"No, Sir!"

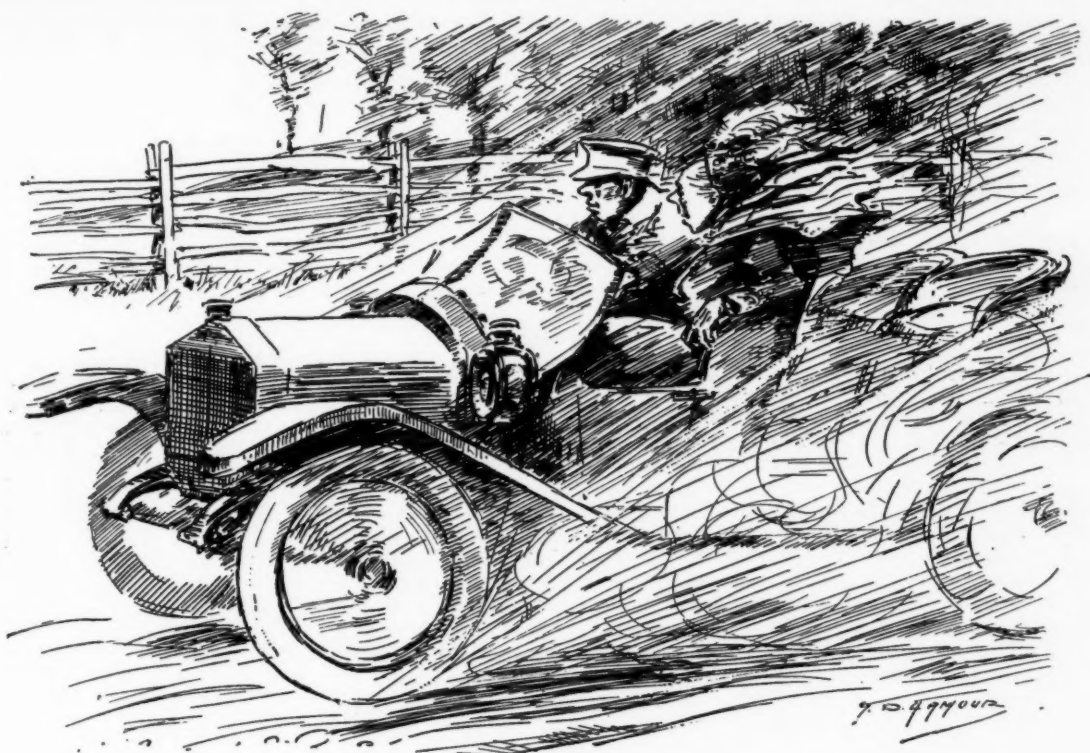
"Silver King, Private Secretary, East Lynne, Charley's Aunt?"

"No, Sir. I was a cinema star."

"What'll you take?" asked the suddenly brisk journalist.

The stranger indicated Blue Label with just a drop of soda. Mellowing, he told his story.

"Three years ago I was a star. That was when I was young and strong and full of nerve. I created 'Captain



## ON AMERICAN ROADS.

*Mrs. O'Brien (who has been instructed that she must on no account speak to the chauffeur when driving). "CHAUFFEUR! CHAUFFEUR! I MUST SPAKE! MRS. RAFFERTY HASN'T BEEN ON THE BACK SATE OF THE KYAR FUR THE LAST TEN MINNUTS!"*

Reckless.' I was the headliner at every palace in five continents. Millions have gasped at my daring; millions have thrilled at my exploits. I scaled precipices, hurled myself at runaway horses, dashed into raging fires, plunged into icy torrents gagged and bound, was suffocated in submarines, fought single-handed against overwhelming odds!"

"They fake that sort of thing very cleverly," agreed the journalist.

"Fake? No, Sir, far from it! Not in my films. The public demand reality. My company gave them reality. A runaway horse was a runaway horse. A fire was a fire. A fight was a fight. As Captain Reckless, I broke both collar-bones, eight ribs, a tibia, an occiput and a nose."

There was evidence as to the nose, now that the journalist noticed it more observantly.

"The nose settled it," continued the fallen star with a certain melancholy relish. "The public like a hero with his arm in a sling, but they won't stand for a nose in a sling. So I had to change my line. I created 'Fathead.' I was again a headliner

in a thousand palaces. Myriads have roared at my misfortunes. I rode on a bicycle into a market-woman's apple-stand; I cannoned off into a lamp-post; I swerved into a plasterer's ladder; I tumbled into a tar-barrel; I ended up the ride in a crockery shop. The market-woman, the policeman, the plasterers, the tar-layers and the shop-keeper pursued me with sticks and brooms and anything they could lay their hands on. The more they battered me the better the film!"

"I thought it was a dummy they battered," said the journalist.

"No, Sir, far from it! The public don't laugh at a dummy being knocked about. They demand reality. My company gave them reality. I was Fathead with the new bicycle, Fathead with the runaway motor-cycle, Fathead with the aeroplane, Fathead as pantaloons in the pantomime, and Fathead in love. You remember the young lady's enraged father and the bulldog? It made a screaming film; but it settled me."

"Have another?" suggested the journalist cordially.

The fallen star made no demur. After a brief interval he resumed. "So

I had to change my line. I became the old musician with the violin who dies through three hundred feet of film. It was easier work, but I was no longer a headliner on a billion bills. I became small type." His eyes dimmed moistly. "And then the public tired of the old musician. They demanded burglars and motor bandits and bad men with a nerve like chilled steel. My nerve was gone. I could no longer play the bandit. And I could not bear to face the camera as a super when once I had proudly ruffled it as a star. I crept away . . ."

"And now?"

"Three years ago, when I was young, I was a cinema star. Now that I am old and maimed, I—"

His voice dropped, and he looked round to make sure that no one else should hear of his last degradation—

"I am a dramatist. I write cinema plays."

## "A SIMPLE LOTION."

To remove a dark stain on the throat caused by wearing high collars or dark velvet neckbands, sponge the sink with equal quantities of rosewater and strained lemon-juice."

*Mother and Home.*

If that is useless, massage the bath.



## HAMLET.

*A Character Study.*

As to Hamlet's forbears or his earlier days I know nothing, nor am I greatly concerned. When I met him he was already old—unimaginably old—and grim and gaunt withal: he dwelt in a livery stable in a small Scotch town, and it was on his back that I made my first essays in horsemanship. I do not say he was agreeable to ride, but neither, I daresay, would he recall me as particularly pleasant to carry. I only hope I did not hurt him half as much as he often hurt me.

In those long and blistering hours of agony I came to know him with a curious intimacy. He used to walk along—and always on the wrong side of the road—with an air of mild abstraction tinged vaguely with remorse; when I sawed at his mouth, which was as iron or adamant, he smiled tolerantly and did nothing. Then would come the riding master's, "Now, gentlemen, if you'll just shorten your reins we'll trot for a bit," and with that a horrid spasmodic chuckle shook Hamlet's gaunt frame; he cocked one ear devilishly; he champed his bit and whisked his tail, and then with a sort of colossal hic-cough—as if, I used to think, he were changing gear rather roughly inside—he "trotted." Uphill he rolled and downhill he slid, and all the while his action would remind one of those fascinating movements made by British seamen while dancing the hornpipe. I believe the operation is known as "hoisting one's slack." That is what Hamlet seemed always to be doing, first on one side and then on the other. A hitch and a kick, a hitch and a kick—that was his notion of trotting. He was always far in the rear, and always perfectly pleased with himself and perfectly cheerful about it, and perfectly immovable. And when the "trot" was at an end he would glance round at his tortured rider with an expression incredibly free from malice and yet incredibly full of a fiendish delight.

I don't know who named him, but there was not a little of the moody Dane in his starved soul. He had a rolling and poetic eye, capable of unsuspected depths of philosophical speculation, and by the aid of this and a curious twitching of his unbeauteous mouth he achieved the gift of expression. For a long time I thought he was only making faces at me, but gradually I grew able to interpret. In the stable he used to lounge about in his box like some old bore in a club armchair, and all the time his face flickered and worked like a cinematograph. I don't believe he ever saw a racecourse, but I know he

dreamt of them, for when the clank of buckets floated in from the yard, with scraps of the strange jargon of the sporting press, he would draw himself up and scramble with his feet in the straw. "Two to one, Hamlet," the Ring shouted in his dreams; "six to four, Hamlet; *evens*, Hamlet!" And then Hamlet leading them all into the straight, and tearing away past the post amid roars of joy. Ah, well! After all, GEORGE THE THIRD believed himself a hero of Waterloo; so why should not poor old Hamlet win a Derby in his dreams?

Sometimes I think he realised that it was *not* true, and that he was no better than an old fool, and then there would creep into his tired eyes a wistful look. "Just once," he seemed to say, "just one real good time." And then would come a flash of resolution and out would go his heels in a way that sent the splinters flying. "I *will* have my day," it meant. Well, he did.

It so chanced that the local Territorials went into camp that year at Blair Atholl, and Hamlet and I went with them. He was very good and very docile all through three long summer days, but sometimes I caught that flashing resolution brightening his eyes in a way that boded trouble. He used to stand soaking himself as it were in the scent of pine and heather and the cool music of the Garry, and more than ever he seemed to be communing with things that were not of this world. Something in these long drowsy days must have told him that his chance must come soon now or never, and I am sure that his Derby-dream was always with him.

But on the third evening a great army of cloud came marching down upon us from Badenoch, and the dusk fell to an accompaniment of muttering thunder. About midnight the storm broke with a blaze of lightning and a merciless downpour of rain. I was battling my way down the horse-lines with a lantern when, on a sudden, the neigh of a horse rose twice, like a trumpet-call, above the roll of the thunder. Somehow I knew the voice for Hamlet's, even before the pandemonium broke loose; for in a minute tethers were snapping all round and pegs flying from their hold and about forty horses came down the lines like an avalanche. They were led by a great gaunt black devil with streaming mane and eyes of fire, going in great shapeless leaps and roaring all the time like a blacksmith's bellows. It was Hamlet holding *Walpurgis* and winning his Derby once again.

Heaven knows what spirits rode with him that night upon the storm. We got in the rest after a couple of profane

hours in the rain, but Hamlet was not to be found. A shepherd saw him about daybreak tearing round and round a field all by himself, and a surfaceman on the Highland line swears that he took a five-foot fenes like a Grand National winner. Eventually a patrol of Boy Scouts found him about eight in the morning in a field near Struan very dejected and the moody Dane once more. He came back like a lamb.

Poor devil! He had his night; but he came back coughing, and he coughed himself out of this world in a fortnight. I suppose no one thinks of him now as anything but a raw-boned, unlovely beast, pounding along behind all the rest, patiently and stupidly hitch-and-kicking through the mud. But for the sake of the kind and cheering look he used to give one when the ride was over, the genial cock of the eye that softened the riding-master's profanities—above all, for his bold dreams and his big heart, I like to remember him as something more.

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**Substitute.**

I went to Brooklands yesterday  
A flying man to see;  
But, as it chanced, he wasn't there,  
And empty was the quivering air,  
Save for a lark that o'er my head  
His busy low-gear'd pinions spread,  
Singing most happily;  
And, leaving, to myself I said,  
"That's good enough for me."

"H. H. Hilton. Shares with John Ball the distinction of being the greatest amateur golfer ever known."—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

We were quite aware that this is the age of superlatives. We therefore find it rather a comfort to feel that there are only two of them to share this distinction.

"A Millais record was established for the painting 'Sir I. Sumbras At the Ford,' which was finally sold at 7,500 guineas."

—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

One of the birthday knights, we presume.

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**"BOMB. WELLS'S  
FAILURE."**

Poster of "The Northern Echo."

We don't care what the bomb called itself; we are always glad when these infernal machines fail to come off.

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**"MARCONI CONTRACT CHARGES.**

EVIDENCE OF SIR RUFUS ISAACS.

"ABSOLUTELY NO TRUTH IN IT."

—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

If this kind of libel goes on Sir RUFUS is almost bound to issue a writ.



## VILLAGE SCANDAL.

"Yis, he wor a great lump of a chap wi' fancy clothes," said the inoffensive little man who stood at the gate of his garden plot talking to old Joe Sherrington.

"I wor stood here smokin' a pipe arter my dinner, same as I am now, and he come up to me as bold as yow like, and he say, 'Good mornin', Giles,' he say. 'Good mornin', Brown,' I say. He fared wholly stammed at that. 'My name cent Brown,' he say. 'And mine cent Giles,' I say, 'so we're both wrong.' Wool, he laughed like what yow expect 'em to laugh in Lunnon, and he say, 'Will yow take a drink?' Wool, I di'n't want to make he angry, and you know Tuesday wor a warm day, when that di'n't come aniss to wet yer whistle like. So we went over to 'The Greyhound,' and when he'd led up to it nice and easy he say, 'Du yow hear anything of this backbitin' what they 're been talkin' so much about in the newspaper? They tell me yow du nothin' but talk scandal in these parts.' 'Du they?' I say; 'then they 're doin' it themselves, that 's plain."

"But I want to know for a particler reason," he say. 'The fact is I'm a butcher by trade and I'm tired o' town life. I want to set up a little meat business in the country,' he say; 'but if there is a thing I'm afeared of, that 's scandal. I ha' had enough in the towns, what wi' folks talkin' of frozen beef and weighted scales and the thumb-trick an' all, and I want to start leadin' a quiet life."

"Wool," I say, 'yow 'a' come to the right place. Yow 'oont find no scandal in Appleton,' I say, 'cos tha's such a small place there cent no need to talk about our neighbours' business. We know it.' 'Oh,' he say, and arter he'd thought a bit he say, 'I suppose yow 've got a Squire here?' 'Yis,' I say, 'we have. I can tell yow all the facts about Squire, but don't yow tarn round and tell me I'm scandal-mongerin'! What I understand o' scandal, that mean idle rumours. Yow 'oont find none o' them in Appleton,' I say. 'What we know we know. As to Squire,' I say, 'he ha' tarning over a new leaf altogether. If he did git a name at Oxford for takin' a drop too much and gittin' into debt for £1,000, surely that 's time that wor forgotten. Speak as yer find,' I say, 'and I cent seen Squire the worse for drink this last month.' Well, bor, the townie he fared to prick up his ears. 'And Mrs. Squire?' he say. 'Ah! that 's sad about her,' I say, shakin' my hid. 'Whether that 's the four husbands she had when she was a actress afore she married Squire,



"WELL, ALICE, WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY WAS THE MATTER?"  
"IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, HE SAID I'D GOT YOUTH ON MY SIDE."

or whether that 's her low bringin' up from a place called Whitechapel, I don't know; but she 's gittin' nearer and nearer the madhouse ivery day. Yis, drink,' I say, shakin' my hid still more sorrowful.

"Is there a Doctor here?" he say. 'There's a man what calls hisself Doctor Penny,' I say; 'but he cent a doctor at all. He comes from Americky, and he ha' got scores o' woolly scalps hangin' up in his house what come off the blackamoors he shot so as he could cut 'em up and see how they was made.'

"The townie he started to look kind o' green. 'Hev yow got a board-schule here?' he say. 'Yis,' I say, 'and a schulemaster. He wor a stranger, same as yerself, when he fust come, but he ha'n't bin here a week afore we knowed

he wor a ticket-o'-leave man. Mind yow,' I say, 'there cent no scandal. I'm only tellin' yow the facts.'

"Yis," he say, 'quite so. Well, I ha' got a good meat business where I am now, and I don't reckon I'm saint enough to live in a place like this where there cent so much as a *breath* o' scandal,' and off he went, and I heen't seen um since."

Old Joe had listened to this recital in a species of dull amazement.

"But what on airth made yow tell all them wicked loies?" he asked. "Oh! and speakin' o' meat remind me o' suffin' else what du fare to whoolly 'maze me. Why du I hae to pay yow a shillin' a pound for beef when I can git as good for tenpence at either o' them shops in Fremley?"

## CELEBRATED TRIALS.

## IV.—REX v. ADAMSON.

THE defendant in this case was the Rev. Hercules Adamson, described as Vicar of Little Pottleton, Bucks, forty years of age, a married man with a family of ten children, two of them being twins of tender years. He was brought up on an indictment the main count of which was that he, being a British citizen of mature age and sound mind, had not in the past five years reported himself at the National Institution for Nervous Breakdowns and had never, as a matter of fact, absented himself from his ordinary avocations during the statutory period of one month in every year for the purpose of taking a rest-cure in accordance with the regulations thereunto made and provided by the Nerve Commissioners in the exercise of the authority delegated to them by the Act (GEORGE V., 10, cap. 4) for the Prevention of Undue Health, generally known as the Ailments Act. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Moper, K.C., and Mr. Trimble. Prisoner was defended by Mr. Soundy. The court was crowded with nerve-specialists, nurses, attendants from private hospitals, psychological experts and interesting invalids in various stages of involuntary convalescence. A pathetic incident was provided by the attendance in court of prisoner's aged mother, who had intended to appeal for the prisoner on the ground that he had suffered in early youth from a period of considerable robustness, from the effects of which he had never quite recovered. As it appeared, however, that she was in the enjoyment of all her faculties, could read small print without glasses and made a habit of walking two miles unattended before breakfast every morning, the Judge decided that it was impossible to take her evidence.

Prisoner was brought into court in charge of two powerful nurses from the Central Rest-Cure. He preserved a cheerful demeanour and appeared to be totally unconscious of his serious position.

From Mr. Moper's opening speech it appeared that Adamson, after a career of unbridled athleticism at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he is said to have stroked his College boat and played Rugby Football for the University, took his degree in the Theological Tripos. In spite of the earnest intercession of his tutor and the Senior Dean of the College he resolutely refused to submit to an *egrotat*, and was examined in the ancient manner by means of papers set to him in the Senate House. After a period spent as curate in an East-end parish, where he was said to have gained an unfortunate reputation as a skilful boxer, he was appointed to the benefice of Little Pottleton, his income being £200 a year, together with an Easter offering of varying amount. Here he became a violent advocate of open windows, walking tours, seaside camps for boys, athletic meetings, hockey matches, and of the strenuous life generally. Indeed, much as he (the learned Counsel) regretted it, it would be proved in evidence that this man, who was in a position to give an example and was looked up to with respect by his parishioners, had never known what it was to enjoy ill health.

Mr. Soundy. That is not strictly accurate, my Lord. I protest against such attempts to excite prejudice. I have evidence to show that the prisoner was at one time under the influence of chicken-pox, and a year later acquired a certain amount of mumps.

His Lordship. Chicken-pox and mumps can hardly be called an answer to the charge. Being involuntary they are at the most pleasing incidents.

Mr. Soundy. The prisoner obtained a severe attack of measles after purposely exposing himself to infection from his younger brother.

His Lordship. That might help you were it not for the fact that measles are expressly excluded by the Act.

Mr. Moper, continuing, said he did not wish to press hardly on the prisoner. He was willing to give him such credit as might lawfully accrue to him from his measles, but he must point out that the gravamen of the charge was really the abstention from a rest-cure, coupled with the complete neglect of any nervous breakdown. The State in its beneficent wisdom had made ample provision for the creation and accommodation of invalids, and every citizen ought to realise, as nearly all citizens did, that it was necessary to be ill, and that a violent predisposition to undiseased strength was an offence of the gravest description.

Witnesses were examined and bore out the learned counsel's opening statements. They all spoke with considerable esteem of the prisoner, but feared he must have been misled.

Prisoner then went into the box. He asked how a man in his position could afford time for such a thing as a breakdown. He had to preach, conduct services, attend to the business of various clubs and institutions, visit the distressed, play cricket when possible, and generally look after the affairs of his parish.

His Lordship. We cannot go behind the Act. No exceptions are there allowed. Other vicars have submitted.

Prisoner. Possibly they have nerves. I never had any.

His Lordship. The more unfortunate you.

The jury eventually returned a verdict of guilty, but without intent.

His Lordship said the prisoner was evidently one of those desperate characters who were apt of their own motion to defy the law. A man in his position should have been amongst the first to hurry into a nerve hospital. Possibly the jury might have felt that this public exposure was a sufficient punishment for such a man. He himself could not take that view. The sentence of the Court was that the prisoner be deprived of his benefice, be confined for ten years in a bath-chair with a respirator over his mouth, and be compelled to describe his symptoms three times a day to a pathologist.

## The New Philanthropy.

"Sunday afternoon the Terrace was crowded of people who came out to breathe the fresh Desert air and to benefit the cinematograph." *Egyptian Morning News.*

The Standard, describing the exhibition of motor-polo at Ranelagh, says:—

"There were some exciting moments, notably when one of the cars capsized and caught fire; but on the whole the game was not a success."

We are afraid that the growth of militancy is blunting people's taste for simple exhibitions.

"Prices of Admission by invitation: Gentlemen 6d. each. Ladies and Children free, if accompanied by parents. There will, however, be a raffle for them, at 3d. a ticket."—*The Daily Malta Chronicle.*

Those who failed to draw a horse in the Calcutta Sweep may still hope for a lady or a child.

"As a final hors d'œuvre a horse falls in another race."

*Evening Standard.*

We think, in view of the usual order of courses, that the writer should have said "savoury," even at the sacrifice of so superb a *jeu de mots*.

"Pastor George Wise lectures to-night at St. Domingo Pit. Eight o'clock. Do not fail to miss this meeting."

*Advt. in "Liverpool Evening Express."*

We never dreamt of failure.



*Counsel.* "YOU HAVE GIVEN US A VERY GLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE DEFENDANT'S CLEVERNESS. NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT THE CAPABILITIES OF THE PLAINTIFF?"

*Witness.* "WELL, SIR, 'E ALWAYS SEEMED PRETTY 'EALTHY LIKE."

*Counsel.* "YES, BUT CAN YOU TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT HIS INTELLIGENCE?"

*Witness.* "WELL, SIR, 'E RUN LIKE A RABBIT."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a growing fashion of mother-heroines; and of this I am personally rather glad, since I like to fancy myself something of an expert in mothers. But they need to be written about very well. Fortunately this is the case with the latest example, *Mrs. Morel*, the central figure of *Sons and Lovers* (Duckworth). The title gives you the whole matter of the tale. Will a man be more earnest and devoted as son or as lover? *Mrs. Morel's* three boys answered the question variously. *Arthur*, who was good-looking but not much else, hardly matters. *William*, the eldest, was somewhat quaint in his courtship; having become engaged to a young person who believed herself his social superior, he used to come home and abuse her roundly to his shocked parent. However he died, leaving the whole interest of the book, and of *Mrs. Morel*, to concentrate upon *Paul*, the youngest. If *Paul* was unfortunate in his sweethearts, he was very heartily to be congratulated upon his mother. In the first part of the book—which I infinitely prefer to what comes later—Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE has shown very movingly the affection and comradeship between these two. Incidentally also he has given us a picture of a collier's home that is either drawn from personal experience or imagined with quite amazing penetration. There are touches—the child in bed watching the light swing across the ceiling as the miners

go by with their lamps, is one I recall at random—that have the intimacy of memory. And throughout *Mrs. Morel* herself is a real joy. Perhaps this is why I objected so strongly to the painful realism of her end. I think indeed that, if I had my way, the book should consist only of Part One, and the other would never be missed; there is value and to spare without it.

*The Adventures of a Newspaper Man* (SMITH, ELDER) have not, I am afraid, moved, entertained or informed me to any great extent. Mr. FRANK DILNOT does not appear to have led a life any more adventurous than my own; if anything, it is the other way on, for what to the average man must have been such insignificant and frequent events as not to be worth worrying about excite him to a frenzy of turgid journalese. He plunges into cabs, hurls himself through doors, and is pulsating and tense in the most ordinary circumstances; constantly he is engaged in writing up the commonplace of every-day experience in that peculiar language employed by the blood-and-thunder novelist to describe incidents of the turbulent and sinister sort. I do not so much attack Mr. DILNOT and his colleagues as defend the older school of newspaper men, whom he appears to despise, and I, with great submission, admire. The impudence upon which he insists in the present-day journalist is not necessarily the best substitute for the soundness of his forerunners; and, though it is a useful and, I ungrudgingly admit, a clever feat to get five minutes ahead of



the other fellow with an item of news, the men who achieve it must not rely on that alone and be wholly devoid of a sense of humour, style and proportion if they are to claim superiority in merits and power over the journalist of the other type, of whose printed opinions the influence is still felt. The book contains a *résumé* of many recent cries of the halfpenny press, a number of rather pointless anecdotes, a personal observation of the Russian people not without interest, and a rather ridiculous study of Lord NORTHCLIFFE, who deserves a more intelligent summing up than this: "Ruthless and merciless is he. . . . He sees things, and he knows not why he sees them."

These prophetic novelists seem a vastly uncomfortable set. Times without number they have smashed, deluged and devastated our poor earth. The latest to join the doleful company is Mr. J. D. BERESFORD, whose fancy, as depicted in *Goslings* (HEINEMANN), is for a subtle form of pestilence that practically wipes the male population off the face of the globe. Most of

the women are spared, with here and there an isolated example of the sterner sex—Mr. Gosling himself, a resourceful engineer named Thrall, who is the hero of the book, and a young butcher who lived at High Wycombe. The situation, you observe, is one suggestive of comedy—with perhaps a musical accompaniment. Mr. BERESFORD however elects to treat it in all seriousness. *Gosling*, I am sorry to say, disappears from his placid suburban family, and from the reader, somewhat early in the time of terror. You are left to infer his subsequent proceedings from the pungent character-sketch of him as he was in the old pre-pestilence life. Thrall settles down as joint-leader of a feminine community at Marlow. As for the young butcher, the less said of him the better. An absorbing and amusing tale, which I liked best in the mock realism of the early chapters, where the coming of the plague and the general disintegration of ordered society are told in delightful fashion. Later I seemed to feel that the magnitude of the situation he had created weighed upon Mr. BERESFORD to the detriment of his art. The arrival of a liner from America full of men could only be regarded as an evasion, and a cowardly one at that. But its appearance, and the race on bicycles of hero and heroine to meet it at Southampton, provide an excellent final thrill.

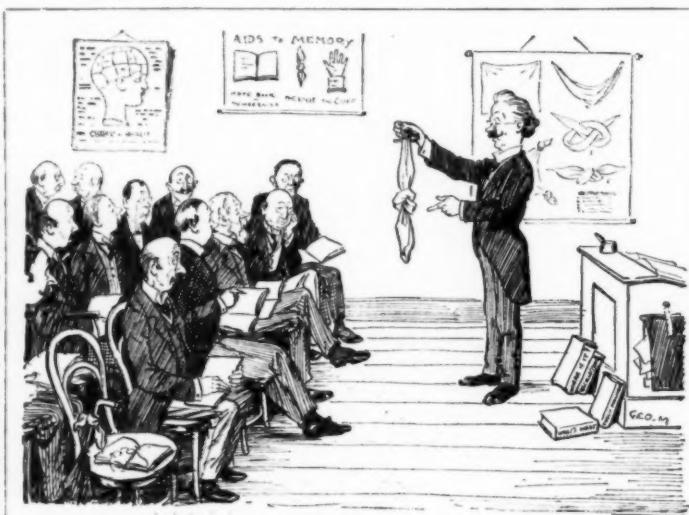
On page 493 the eponymous hero of *Father Ralph* (MACMILLAN) "took up his clerical collar and looked at it curiously. He smiled as he thought of how he had dreaded laying it aside: and now there was only a sense of escape from bondage, of freedom." I have noticed a good many lines in Anglican neck-linen about which I believe I should have felt like that if I had ever been compelled to put them on; but *Father Ralph* of course was speaking with a spiritual significance about the yoke of Rome; for during

the previous four hundred pages or thereabouts he had been a member of the secular priesthood of Ireland, and, allowing the usual discount for *odium theologicum*, Mr. GERALD O'DONOVAN makes out an exceedingly plausible case for the blackness of that particular body. Ignorant for the most part and sordidly self-seeking, they are opposed, according to this writer, to all the best interests of Erin, and are the real enemy of Home Rule, the best chance for that measure lying apparently in the modernism which aims at dairy co-operation, the revival of Gaelic, and a certain amount of tolerance in religious thought. *Father Ralph*, a brilliant youth destined from early boyhood for the Church, became gradually disillusioned by the system of his theological seminary and the characters of his bishop and superior priest, and finally revolted when the "*lamentabili sane*" decree appeared to destroy all possibility of reform. The author writes so well that personally I am sorry he did not treat me to a novel instead of a thesis in romantic form; but I have little doubt that his book will figure in the

catalogues of most of our circulating libraries. In any case there is one Index where it is quite certain of securing a prominent place. *Father Ralph*, by the way, has now sailed to the New World, wearing a lounge suit and a lay collar of unspecified pattern. I wish him every success.

At the very outset of *In the Grip of Destiny* (ALLEN) we find a convict in Siberia swearing that "as surely as Heaven's lightning has blasted this pine-tree so surely will I avenge myself upon that fiend in human shape whose black treachery has sent me here." If inclined to be melodramatic this man undoubtedly meant business, and so it is a little disappointing to be switched off suddenly to Ilfracombe, and for some time to lose sight of him. Not that things were unexciting in Devonshire, for very soon a remarkably fine game—of "hunt the pebble," if I may call it so—was in full swing. This pebble is the key to the story, and in the pursuit of it Mr. CHARLES STERREY piles sensation upon sensation, making it the foundation-stone of the most bewildering plots and counterplots. Our old friends the stupid local police are once again trotted out for ridicule, but this time I found them a welcome relief from the bloodthirsty ruffians who baffled them. And I am also grateful for my introduction to the Polish Countess, who was, without flattery, a superb fiend. When I ultimately discovered that the Siberian convict was married to this diabolical woman I ceased to wonder at the ferocity of his oath. A love-interest is provided for those who want it, but Mr. STERREY devotes more attention to his criminals than to his philanderers, and it is only as an amazing sensationalist that he can be recommended.

"THE FLAT MURDER TRIAL."  
"Daily News" poster.  
Crime also seems to need brightening.



CANDIDATES FOR THE OFFICE OF CITY REMEMBRANCER ATTENDING A KNOT-TYPING CLASS.